THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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THE WITCH OF THE WOLD.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(Concluded from our last.)

"As this narrative will not be read till the hand that writes it, till the heart that agonizes over it, are mouldering in the dust; the wretched writer ventures to relate his crimes and his sufferings; trusting, that his deep and sincere repentance, as it may have made his peace with heaven, will mitigate against him the indignation of mankind; and that when he is sheltered in the grave his name may be repeated without abhorrence. Yet, were he not actuated by a latent hope that his sad story may serve as a warning against the indulgence of those fatal passions which have overwhelmed him with shame, disgrace, and remorse, he should willingly let the name of the wretch, and the remembrance of the evils he has occasioned, perish in oblivion.

"I was the eldest of the two sons of a gentleman of ancient family, and of very considerable property, whose ancestors had for some centuries inhabited the large manor-house of Eddenham, on the borders of Durthwaite wold, and our family name was taken from that antique residence.

"My father, who had lost all his children by his first wife, and who was far advanced in life before my brother and myself were born of a second marriage, doated upon us with the most extravagant fondness, and denied us nothing: to this fatal and ill-judged indulgence I owed my ruin, a ruin which involved in it that of all my family.

"Though I expended, even during my being at college, more than half the income of my father's estates, he could not determine to check me in my wild career, consoling himself under the greatest inconveniences with thinking, that I was a young man of spirit, to whom some extraordinary indulgences were necessary, and that when the hey-day of youth was over, when I had sown my wild oats, I should become more regulated in my conduct, and that all would be well. My mother, who, though a good woman, was yet vain and weak, encouraged rather than checked these boundless indulgences. It was her pride, poor woman! to see her son, when he was at Eddenham, make as great a figure as the noblemen in the neighbourhood; and she delighted to tell of the exploits I performed in London, and the fashionable company I kept.

"My brother, though almost as much indulged as I was, happened to be of a different disposition. He was fond of books and of retirement, and, at his own desire, took orders at the proper age, my father, having purchased for him a very considerable living not far from London. When I was three-and-twenty, I prevailed on my father to let me make the tour of Europe. He consented with reluctance, fearing he should not live to see me again. However, at the end of two years, which I passed on the continent, I returned, and found him but little changed. My mother, too, was living, and in good health, and they were both made very happy by the birth of a grandson, my brother having married about eighteen months before; and he was with his wife and child now on a visit at Eddenham.

"I had been in habits of seeing the most beautiful women in Europe, but so lovely a creature as my sister-in-law, it never was my chance before to behold. I became distractedly in love with her, and was not ashamed of meditating how I should steal her from her husband, though that husband was my brother.

"At first, the magnificent presents I made her, and my lavish flattery, were considered only as the effect of my general admiration of beauty, and my affection for my brother; but my behaviour was such as soon occasioned that excellent brother great uneasiness. He remonstrated gently with his wife, who treated him with contempt and disdain, resented his jealousy, and professed a determination to act as she pleased. My father and mother at last began to notice something strange among us. But I had now obtained such an ascendency over the mind of my sister-in-law, that I cared very little for the murmurs or fears of the rest of my family; and unrestrained by any sense of honour, religion, or humanity, and in defiance of all the laws both of God and man, I prevailed upon her to elope, and we arrived unpursued at Naples.

"There I soon found that a beautiful outside had concealed from me a disposition to every folly that degrades one sex, and a strong propensity to indulge in every vice that debases the other: but it ill became me to reproach her, of whose greatest fault I had been the occasion. No man, however, who commits a crime like that I had been guilty of, is long free from the admonitions of conscience; I endeavoured to drown the remonstrances of mine in wine, and by gaming and every other dissipation—but I was still unhappy. Judge then, oh! reader, what was my situation, what a miserable, a deservedly miserable wretch I became, when I heard (the very recollection of my sensations still makes my hand tremble) when I heard—that my unhappy brother, unable to bear the loss of his wife, had perished by his own hand! that the infant boy, forsaken by both his parents, lingered a little while, and then followed his father to the grave! and that my poor old parents, reproaching themselves for having given birth to a monster like me, had both died within a few days of each other, surviving their son and grandson only about a month!

"Heart-struck, I fled with disgust and abhorrence from the woman whose fatal beauty, and my ungovernable temper, had been the cause of these horrors. I sent her a sum of money, told her we must never meet again, and besaught her to hide herself, her guilt, and her sorrows, in a convent:—but instead of doing so, she abandoned herself to such a course of life as soon destroyed her, and her death was added to the hideous catalogue of my crimes.

"Pursued by distracting remorse, which presented all my murdered family before me, I fled from place to place—but none afforded me any peace. Wretched as I was, I thought a severer penance would alone relieve me. I determined to punish myself with the view of the spot where all my family had perished, the victims of my

unpardonable wickedness. I came then with my old female servant, who knew my deplorable story, to the Wold. I should deservedly have been hunted from my own house by the people of the country as a wild beast. I therefore built a wretched shed; and it has for some years been my custom to visit once or twice a day, and sometimes of a night, the house now falling into decay, where, but for me, my family might now have been flourishing and happy; where my fond and venerable parents, whose grey hairs I sent in sorrow to the grave, might have ended their lives in peace and honour amongst their posterity; where my brother—oh! dreadful and distracting remembrance! my mild-tempered, generous, affectionate brother, was driven by me to despair and to suicide! —Nightly, by the light of the moon and stars, as I have traversed these melancholy apartments, his bleeding ghost has met me! Yes, my conscience has conjured up the most frightful spectres!—but, with a gloomy and determined resolution, I have sought rather than avoided them. On the floor yet stained with my brother's blood, I have lain whole nights, groaning in such anguish of heart as guilt alone can inflict. Amid the tempests of winter, in wet, in wind, in snow, I have prostrated myself on the graves of him, of his child, and my poor, fond, mistaken parents. I have prayed to the thunder to strike, to the lightning to blast me, in vain—and often have I held to my throat the weapon which should end my miserable life:—but a powerful hand always seemed to check me; a tremendous voice seemed to cry, Oh! wretch, live, live, that thou mayest suffer!

"Let those who tremble at a description of my horrible sufferings, learn early to combat those passions which may involve them in guilt and in misery like mine."

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

MISS HANNAH MORE.

(Concluded from our last.)

The poem, *Sensibility*, is enriched with many beautiful passages, and discovers a truly feeling heart. The following lines cannot be read without sensible emotions of pleasure:

Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain,
Their jests the tender anguish would profane:
Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,
Whose low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;
Who ne'er a pain, but for themselves have known,
Nor ever felt a sorrow but their own;
Who call romantic ev'ry finer thought,
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought.
Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind!
Where the large soul that takes in human kind?
Where the best passions of the mortal breast?
Where the warm blessing when another's blest?
Where the soft lenitives of other's pain,
The social sympathy, the sense humane?
The sigh of rapture, and the tear of joy,
Anguish that charms and transports that destroy?
For tender sorrow has her pleasures too,
Pleasures which prosperous dulness never knew;
She never knew in all her coarser bliss,
The sacred rapture of a pain like this!
Nor think the cautious only are the just,
Who never was deceiv'd I would not trust.
Then take, ye happy vulgar! take your part
Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.
Benevolence, which seldom stays to chuse,
Lest pausing prudence teach her to refuse;
Friendship, which once determin'd never swerves,
Weighs e'er it trusts, but weighs not e're it serves;
And soft ey'd pity and forgiveness bland,
And melting Charity with open hand;
And artless Love, believing and believ'd,
And gen'rous Confidence, which ne'er deceiv'd;
And Mercy stretching out e'er want can speak,
To wipe the tear from pale afflictions's cheek;
These ye have never known!—then take your part
Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart."

The *Sensibility* which Miss More thus eloquently describes, is, we understand, the prominent feature of her own disposition. Attentive to the wants and distresses of others, she is ever ready to relieve them. She even seeks out opportunities of instructing and consoling her fellow creatures. This is worthy of herself, and will be ultimately crown'd with an abundant reward.

It was this amiable principle which induced her to patronise Mrs. Yearsley, the famous Bristol Milk-Woman, whose native strains have been admired by the genuine lovers of poetry. She wrote an elegant prefatory address to her poems, procured her a large list of subscribers from amongst the first characters in the kingdom, and exerted every nerve to promote her interests. This woman, however, afterwards repaid all this kindness by abuse and calumny! We must not enter into this disagreeable affair; but we will say that Miss More stands fully exonerated; and Lord Orford justly remarks, in a letter to her, speaking of Mrs. Yearsley's conduct: "That the soil of her heart could never have produced the rank weed of ingratitude, had it not been previously dunged with gold!"

Some time after she became chiefly instrumental in relieving the *Maid of the Haystack*, an unfortunate young woman, apparently deranged, found under a stack of hay, at *Hanham*, near Bristol. Her origin is unknown, and her history is extremely mysterious. Miss More wrote a short account of her, which excited the public commiseration. She is supposed to have been of an high family, but reduced by misfortune to this deplorable condition. Be this as it may, her patroness manifested the purest benevolence, in procuring a comfortable asylum for this melancholy child of affliction. Such acts carry with them their own reward. To diminish the sum of private and public misery, is a most divine deed; it is imitating him who went about doing good, and will be crowned by the Deity with the amplest tokens of approbation.

Miss More, together with her sisters, have retired to a very pleasant spot, which is denominated *Cowslip Green*, situated near the Mendip Hills, about ten miles from Bristol. Here she has established a Sunday School, and shewn a very commendable concern for the welfare of the poorer classes of society. With this view she published many excellent small tracts, under the general title of the *Cheap Repository*. The *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* was particularly admired.

The present Bishop of London, and other celebrated characters of the age, are in habits of acquaintance with Miss More. We have been assured, on good authority, that she spends, occasionally, a few months at Fulham, the well-known residence of the Bishops of London, since the period of the Reformation. In one of her visits she penned some very pleasing lines, entitled *Bonner's Ghost;* but which her modesty would not suffer to be published. Bonner was the bloody bishop, in the reign of Mary; he used to scourge the Protestants with his own hand, in his garden, and various other acts of brutality stand on record against him. Miss More, we are informed, has finely contrasted the tolerating spirit of the present Prelate, with the cruelty and savage ferocity of his predecessor, who has drawn upon him the execrations of posterity.

In the works of the late Lord Orford,

the most pleasing part of the Epistolatory Correspondence, is that between his Lordship and Miss More. We were gratified by the perusal of it, and think it honourable to both parties. The British peer seems apprised of the real excellence of his friend, and pays her those compliments to which she may be pronounced justly entitled.

The writer of this cursory narrative, had once the pleasure of passing a few days with the sisters of Miss More, at the house of a very respectable family, in Caerleon, Monmouthshire, and well remembers the good sense and amiable temper which they discovered in conversation on a variety of subjects. Nor does he deem it the least of the favours which he enjoyed beneath that hospitable roof, that he was there *first* introduced to an acquaintance with Miss More's writings, which he perused, even at that early period, with delight and satisfaction.

We are not ignorant, that the subject of our memoir has been turned into ridicule by the profligate muse of a modern satirist; the perversion of whose superior talents, on other occasions, has excited our indignation. Such wanton attacks can neither disturb the serenity of her mind, nor shake the fair fabric of her fame, which stands reared on an immoveable foundation. Her writings speak for themselves, and have already ensured to themselves the favourable decisions of an enlightened public. Asserting the right of private judgment, we are not, indeed, disposed to defend *every* religious sentiment, which she has from the best of motives inculcated. Nor, on the other hand, are we so convinced of our own infalibility; nor would we be so unjust to the rights of others, as on this account to withhold the meed of praise. But blest with the approbation of the wise and good, and conscious of having directed her efforts to the melioration of her fellow-creatures, Miss More may calmly repose on her past exertions, and consign, without an anxious thought, her well-earned reputation to the judgment of posterity.

Bristol has, in former times, been reproached with a selfish dulness; and even *Hume* has contibuted to the prejudice, by a reflection contained in his History of England. Her credit, however, has been redeemed by the production of a *Chatterton*, a *More*, a *Yearsley*, a *Southey*, a *Coleridge*, a *Cottle*, and other writers, who have attracted the attention of the literary world. Commerce ought, in justice, to lend her support to literature, and literature will, most assuredly in return, confer a dignity on commerce. The one refines, exalts, and sublimates the other. Apart they decrease in respectability; but let it be remembered that an *honourable junction* of them secures and perpetuates the welfare and prosperity of the human race. The mere gains of the merchant are not to be put into competition with that intellectual and moral wealth, a portion of which at least, every individual should endeavour to acquire; and which, wherever it is found, either on a throne or in a cottage, will be rumunerated with the plaudits of the Divine approbation. E.

Travels.

"Here you may range the world from pole to pole,
Increase your knowledge, and delight your soul;
Travel all nations, and inform your sense,
With ease and safety at a small expense."

ACCOUNT OF THE SPANISH LADIES.... ANECDOTE OF A FRIAR.—BY MR. SWINBURNE.

The Spanish women are in general little and thin. Few are strikingly beautiful, but almost all have sparkling black eyes, full of expression. It is not the fashion here, as in France, to heighten their *eclat* with paint. They are endowed by nature with a great deal of wit and lively repartee, but for want of the polish and succours of education, the wit remains obscured by the rudest ignorance, and the most ridiculous prejudices. Their tempers, having never been fashioned by polite intercourse, nor softened by necessary contradiction, are extremely pettish and violent. They are continually pouting about something or other, and put out of humour by the merest trifles.

Most of the ladies about court are the reverse of handsome, and do not seem to have any ambition of passing for clever or accomplished. Not one talent do they possess; nor do they ever work, read, write, or touch any musical instrument. Their *Cortejo*, or gallant, seems their only plaything. I believe no country exhibits more bare-faced amour, and such an appearance of indelicate debauchery as this.

The account given me of their manner of living in the family way, as soon as they come out of the convent, and before they have fixed upon a lover, to fill up their time more agreeably, is as follows:—They rise late, and loiter away the remains of the morning among their attendants, or wear it out at church in a long bead-roll of habitual unmeaning prayers. They dine sparingly, sleep and then dress to saunter for a couple of hours on the Prado. They are never without some sort of sugar-plum, or high-spiced comfit in their mouths.

As soon as it is dark, they run to the house of some elderly female relation, where they all huddle together over a pan of coals, and would not for the world approach the company that may occasionally drop in. It would throw them into the greatest confusion were they to be requested to join in the conversation. The hour of assembly passed, they hurry home to their maids, and with their help, set about dressing their own suppers by way of amusement.

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A very furious example of passion and cruelty happened while I was in Spain. A Carmelite friar fell desperately in love with a young woman to whom he was confessor. He tried every art of seduction his desires could suggest to him: but to his unspeakable vexation, found her virtue or indifference proof against all his machinations. His despair was heightened to a pitch of madness, upon hearing that she was soon to be married to a person of her own rank in life. The furies of jealousy seized his soul, and worked him up to the most barbarous of all determinations, that of depriving his rival of the prize, by putting an end to her existence. He chose Easter-week for the perpetration of his crime. The unsuspecting girl came to the confessional, and poured out her soul at his feet. Her innocence served only to inflame his rage the more, and to confirm him in his bloody purpose. He gave her absolution and the sacrament with his own hands, as his love deterred him from murdering her before he thought she was purified from all stain of sin, and her soul fit to take its flight to the tribunal of its Creator; but his jealousy and revenge urged him to pursue her down the church, and plunge his dagger in her heart, as she turned round to make a genuflection to the altar. He was immediately seized, and soon condemned to die; but lest his ignominious execution shonld reflect dishonour on a religious order, which boasts of having an aunt of the king of France among its members, his sentence was changed into perpetual labour among the the galley-slaves of Porto Rico.

Geography.

CHERACTER AND MANNERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The natural genius of *Americans*, not through prejudice we would charitably suppose, but through want of information,

has fuffered in the descriptionn of some ingenious and eloquent *European* writers.

The Count de Buffon has endeavoured to support the theory, 'That on this side the *Atlantic* there is a tendency in nature to belittle her productions.' This new and unsupported theory has been applied, by the *Abbe Raynal*, to the race of whites transplanted from *Europe*. *Mr. Jefferson* has confuted this theory; and by the ingenuity and abilities which he has shewn in doing it, has exhibited an instance of its falsehood.

The assertion of the *Abbe Raynal*, that '*America* has not yet produced one good poet, one able mathematician, one man of genius in a single art or a single science,' produced the following reply from *Mr. Jefferson*.

"When we shall have existed as a people as long as the *Greeks* did before they produced a *Homer*, the *Romans* a *Virgil*, the *French*, a *Racine* and *Voltaire*, the *English* a *Shakspeare* and *Milton*, should this reproach be still true, we will enquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded, that the other countries of *Europe*, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any name in the roll of poets. In war we have produced a *Washington*, whose memory will be adored while liberty shall have votaries, whose name will triumph over time, and will in future ages assume its just station among the most celebrated worthies of the world, when that wretched philosophy shall be forgotten which would arrange him among the degeneracies of nature. In physics we have produced a *Franklin*, than whom, no one of the present age has made more important discoveries, nor has enriched philosophy with more, or more ingenious solutions of the phenomena of nature. We have supposed *Mr. Rittenhouse* second to no astronomer living; that in genius he must be the first, because he is self-taught. As an artist he has exhibited as great proofs of mechanical genius as the world has ever produced. He has, not indeed, made a world; but he has by imitation approached nearer its Maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day. As in philosophy and war, so in government, in oratory, in painting, in the plastic art, we might shew that *America*, though but a child of yesterday, has already given hopeful proofs of genius, as well of the nobler kinds, which arouse the best feelings of man, which call him into action, which substantiate his freedom, and conduct him to happiness, as of the subordinate, which serve to amuse him only. We therefore suppose that this reproach is as unjust as it is unkind; and that of the geniuses which adorn the present age, *America* contributes its full share. For, comparing it with those countries, where genius is most cultivated, where are the most excellent models for art, and scaffoldings for the attainment of science, as *France* and *England*, for instance, we calculate thus. The *United States*, contains three millions of inhabitants; *France* twenty millions; and the *British* islands ten. We produce a *Washington*, a *Franklin*, a *Rittenhouse*; *France* then should have half a dozen in each of these lines, and *Great-Britain* half that number, equally eminent. It may be true that *France* has; we are but just becoming acquainted with her, and our acquaintance so far gives us high ideas of the genius of her inhabitants. It would be injuring too many of them to name particularly a *Voltaire*, a *Buffon*, the constellation of *Encyclopedists*, the *Abbe Raynal* himself, &c. &c. We therefore have reason to believe she can produce her full quota of genius. The present war having so long cut off all communication with *Great-Britain*, we are not able to make a fair estimate of the state of science in that country."

The literature of the *United States* is very flourishing. Their progress in the art of war, in the science of government, in philosophy and astronomy, in poetry, and the various liberal arts and sciences, has, for so young a country, been astonishing. Colleges are instituted in all the states north of *North Carolina*, excepting *Delaware*, and liberal provision is making for their establishment in the others. The colleges are generally well furnished with libraries, apparatus, instructors, and students.

The two late important revolutions in *America*, which have been scarcely exceeded since the memory of man, I mean that of the declaration and establishment of independence, and that of the adoption of a new form of government without bloodshed, have called to historic fame many noble and distinguished characters, who might otherwise have slept in oblivion.

But while we exhibit the fair side of the character of *Fedro-Americans*, we would not be thought blind to their faults.

A *European* writer has justly observed, that 'if there be an object truly ridiculous in nature, it is an *American* patriot, signing resolutions of independency with the one hand, and with the other brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves.'

Much has been written of late to shew the injustice and iniquity of enslaving the *Africans* so much as to render it unnecessary here to say any thing on that part of the subject. We cannot, however, forbear introducing a few observations respecting the influence of slavery upon policy, morals and manners. From repeated and accurate calculations it has been found, that the expence of maintaining a slave, especially if we include the purchase money, is much greater than that of maintaining a free man; and the labour of the free man, influenced by the powerful motive of gain, is at least twice as profitable to the employer as that of the slaves. Besides, slavery is the bane of industry. It renders labour, among the whites, not only unfashionable, but disreputable. Industry is the offspring of necessity rather than of choice. Slavery precludes this necessity; and indolence, which strikes at the root of all social and political happiness, is the unhappy consequence.

These observations, without adding any thing upon the injustice of the practice, shew that slavery is impolitic. Its influence on matters and morals is equally pernicious. The negro wenches in many, perhaps I may say in most instances, are nurses to their mistresses children. The infant babe as soon as it is born, is delivered to its black nurse, and perhaps seldom or never tastes a drop of its mother's milk. The children, by being brought up, and constantly associating with the negroes, too often imbibe their low ideas, and vitiated manners and morals; and contract a *negroish* kind of accent and dialect, which they often carry with them through life. A mischief common, in a greater or less degree, in all the southern states, at which humanity and decency blush, is the criminal intercourse between the whites and blacks. "The enjoyment of a negro or mulatto woman," says a traveller of observation, "is spoken of as quite a common thing. No reluctance, delicacy or shame, appear about the matter. It is far from being uncommon to see a gentleman at dinner, and his reputed offspring a slave, waiting at the table." "I myself," says this writer, "saw two instances of this kind; and the company would very facetiously trace the features of the father and mother in the child, and very accurately point out the more characteristic resemblances. The fathers neither of them blushed, nor seemed disconcerted. They were called men of worth, politeness, and humanity. Strange perversion of terms and language! The *Africans* are said to be inferior in point of sense, understanding, sentiment, and feeling to white people; hence the one infers a right to enslave the other. The *African* labours night and day to collect a small pittance to purchase the freedom of his child: the white man begets his likeness, and with

much indifference and dignity of soul, sees his offspring in bondage and misery, and makes not one effort to redeem his own blood. Choice food for satire! wide field for burlesque! noble game for wit! sad cause for pity to bleed, and for humanity to weep! unless the enkindled blood inflame resentment, and vent itself in execrations!"

THE PLAINTIFF.
NO. VIII.

MR. EDITOR.

Some days ago I received a letter from a female friend, whose case is not at all enviable. She has, in a great measure, however, brought her misfortunes upon herself. I believe, sir, you will readily agree with me, that one of the greatest causes of unhappiness in the *marriage state*, is RESERVE. It is the parent of Jealousy, "the green-eyed monster,"....it is the offspring of Pride and Cowardice, begot in an evil hour....it is the patron of Scandal, Malice, and Intrigue....In short, it is the cause of many evils, and is seldom productive of happiness. As you have devoted a part of your Miscellany to the complaints of the unfortunate, the letter of my friend is much at your service.

MARY HEARALL.

DEAR MARY,

Believe me, that to the security of matrimonial felicity, no quality is more necessary than candour. All reserve, obscurity, or disguise, are productive of indifference, suspicion, or distrust. Let my example convince you of the necessity of perfect candour, and unbounded confidence in the conjugal union. There should exist such an unity of interest that every pleasure or pain should be common, and all separate enjoyment or suffering is an injury to its sacred rights.

The more exquisite the sensibility, the more tender the attachment, the more poignant pain inflicted by distrust and suspicion.

My husband was a man of stong understanding, a thoughtful disposition, and tender heart. His temper was reserved and sedate, and he seldom, with his own accord, communicated either his pains or his pleasures, particularly the first; and the most acute mental or bodily suffering would be endured in silence, unless drawn from him by the enquiries of his friends. Yet, to few persons were the soothings of tenderness more acceptable, and there were few whose happiness was more dependant on the assiduities of affection. Such, too, was my disposition; delighting in the sympathies of love, yet withheld from ever seeking them, by an unconquerable diffidence and reserve.

His business kept him almost the whole day from home. His office was in the centre of the city, and, as our residence was at one of its extremities, the walk was long and wearisome. Indignant at all fraud, oppression, or injustice, his mind was perpetually harrassed, and his temper fretted by those exhibitions of mankind to which his profession exposed him.

At the approach of evening I would trim my little fire, prepare the tea-table, and wait, with impatience, the return of my husband, whom I imagined, glad of a release from labour, would enter with a smiling face, embrace me with tenderness, and in some mode or other express his pleasure.

But, alas! how different was the real from the imagined scene! He enters, and, throwing himself on a chair, is grave and silent. Mortified and disappointed, I ask not the cause of this silence, but pour out his tea and hand it to him, with a countenance strongly marked by discontent and gloom. Thus passes the evening, in mutual, though silent suffering.

You, Mary, instead of awaiting the salutation of your husband, would have hastened to the door, at the sound of his footsteps, flown to him with a joy-enlightened countenance, and by tender inquiry would have learned the cause of any gloom which appeared on his face. Affected and pleased by these proofs of your affection, he would have explained to you any disappointment or disturbance that had happened, would have owned he was disgusted and wearied with the injustice he had met with, or the labour he had undergone. These, contrasted with the tranquil and tender pleasures you had prepared, would have endeared him to his home, and have made him forget the evils of society. You would have dissipated his chagrin, his cheerfulness would have returned, the sentiment of gratitude would have been added to love, and your hours would have passed in all the delight of mutual affection. But how different was the effect produced by my conduct. Fatigued, sick and dejected, my husband had promised himself, that on his return home, the glad welcome of a tender wife would have compensated for all he had suffered; but instead of this, he perceived only silence and melancholy. He knew his own feelings were obvious, yet they passed unnoticed. His peace of mind, he concluded, was of too little importance to interest his wife; for, certainly, if she had felt solitude there would be some expression of it. Disappointed in his anticipated pleasure, and offended by such apparent indifference, he was cold and distant in his manner; thus unknowingly increasing the cause of his own dissatisfaction by increasing mine. Had either of us made those inquiries, without which neither of us would speak, or had we candidly owned our suspicions of indifference, the evil would have been remedied. The incidents of each day, by producing some new cause for complaint, increased the difficulty of an explanation. As the cold blasts of winter congeal the flowing stream so does neglect or indifference still the warm current of affection.

The sun will return and dissolve these icy bands, but each instance of unkindness removes to a greater distance the return of that confidence which alone can restore the warmth of love. Each day distrust increased, and removed the possibility of an explanation.

This reserve extended to the minutest concerns. I remember one day, he brought from market a dish of which he was extremely fond, and ordered it dressed in a particular manner. Desirous of pleasing him, I attended to it myself, and thought I should have been amply rewarded for this little trouble, by his satisfaction. When it came on table, I watched him, expecting to hear him praise it, and thank me for my attention. He tasted it, and without saying a word, pushed it from him and called for another plate. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, that my eyes filled with tears, and I was so choaked with emotion that I could not articulate a word. My silence, my emotion, he construed into sullenness and anger. This naturally increased his displeasure. Had I but smiled, had I but spoken one word, or when the tears flowed down my cheeks, had I allowed him to see them and explained their source, it would not only have restored his good humour, but, by discovering my fond desire to please, would have excited his tenderness. But this was impossible.

Now you, Mary, would have laughed, rallied him on being so difficult to please, assured him you had done your best, and good naturedly have promised to have done better next time. He would have thanked you for your endeavour. With such a disposition as his, your desire to gratify him would fully have compensated for the loss of his dinner. How innumerable are the instances I could give you of the pain and the misery produced by this reserve of disposition! How many wakeful nights have I passed, weeping the want of the tenderness and confidence of my husband, while he, restless and dis-

turbed by the evils incident to life, would tax me with cruelty for not inquiring into, and participating his disquietudes!

This reserve, which for years had been increasing, at last became a settled habit. My cheerfulness had entirely deserted me: I went into no company, and I received no visitors. My melancholy became fixed, and the little pleasure my husband found at home, induced him to seek it abroad. My tea-table used to wait in vain, no one came to partake of this evening meal. With my arms folded on the table, and my aching head laid on them, I sighed away my solitary hours. That keenness of feeling which a heart unused to suffering experiences, was blunted by repeated strokes. The alternations of hope and fear gave place to the stagnation of indifference. The effort to please was lost in despair. Too restless to apply to foreign objects, my active mind preyed on itself, and, left at last to perfect solitude, I sunk into an uninterrupted lethargy. I now saw my husband only during our hasty and silent meals: fond of social pleasure and sprightly discourse, he spent his evenings among those friends to whom his many virtues had endeared him.

Even on the bed of sickness, this mutual reserve and suspicion did not yield place to anxiety and tenderness, and these circumstances only increased the fear which silence inflicted. I was one day by his bed side, and offered something which was refused. It was the manner in which this was done that afflicted me; this manner, however, is indiscribable. It seemed to me like an intimation, that my attendance was irksome. I might have been mistaken. Pain and sickness might have been the cause. I did not, however, inquire, as at that time I had no doubt, but considered it as the proof of indifference. I was but little in his room: I left to others those attentions which I only should have paid. He never left that room; but there ended a life, many years of which might have been happy, but which were miserable. That sensibility which have given birth to the purest and most exquisite pleasures, was, from the want of candour and explicitness, changed into an instrument of torture.

The happiest life is not exempt from moments of lassitude, weariness, perplexity and distraction. Whenever the countenance or manners indicate either, let the friend seek for the cause, and let confidence and plain dealing banish all distrust or suspicion.

JULIA.

ON FANCY.

Fancy is a faculty of the mind, whereby it forms ideas of things communicated to it by the outward senses. The female sex are more addicted to fancy than the men. They shew it in various cases, in their dress, in their entertainments, and, indeed, in every thing they perform. It has been generally observed, that whatever be their education; their fancy is peculiar to themselves.

But how different are the fancies of mankind! The rude soldier and the calm shepherd give sufficient proof that we all differ in inclinations. Did not the wise Creator of the universe form us with different propensities? Had we all the same dispositions, we should fall into an insipid weariness; our eyes would roll round and round for something which is new and entertaining. Were we all, for instance, inspired with the ambition of the soldier, thirsting for glory, peace would be banished from the earth. We should then live in a state of endless hostility. But the insipid calmness of the shepherd is almost as exceptionable. In such a case no men of genius would enlighten the world with their genial rays, but all nature would sink into a state of stupidity and ignorance.

But with a *mixture* of different inclinations we all entertain ourselves. Fancy, in a degree, is certainly to be desired; but an excess of it would prove whimsical and extravagant. A little fancy in dress gives a pleasing appearance to the man of merit. Poetry also would grow wearisome without the infusion of fancy. To recount the deeds of some great warrior is not sufficient. Fancy must lend its decorations in order to embellish the tale. Indeed its influence is universal, and its reign without end. Old Spencer has well described it, and with his lines I shall conclude.

.....Fancy is like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beauty without peer:
His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That by his gait might easily appear,
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle air he mov'd still here and there,

T. P.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on our's.

New-York,
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1802.

THEATRICAL.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

ADELMORN THE OUTLAW,

A new drama, from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. was presented to the public on Thursday evening last. Whether its known condemnation on the London boards, or the inclemency of the weather, prevented the attendance of many of the lovers of the drama, we shall not pretend to decide. We must, however, remark, that it was "a very thin house." The characters were cast as follows:

Sigismond, Duke of Saxony,	*Mr. Tyler,*
Ulric, Count of Bergen,	*Cooper,*
Adelmorn, Baron of Bergen,	*Hodgkinson,*
Father Cyprian, . . .	*Martin,*
Hugo, ...	*Hogg,*
Lodowick, ...	*Jefferson,*
Herman, a Page, . .	*Miss. Harding,*
Brenno, ...	*Mr. Hallam, jnn,*
Ludolf, ...	*Macdonald,*
Maurice, ...	*Shapter,*
Ghost of Count Roderic,	*Hallam,*
Innogen, Princess of Saxony,	*Mrs. Hodgkinson,*
Orilla, ...	*Miss Brett,*
Dame Breda, . .	*Mrs. Hogg.*

The scene lies in Germany. *Adelmorn* and *Ulric* were cousins, and nephews to the old *Count Roderic*. Adelmorn was in love with *Innogen*, daughter of Saxony's sovereign, who, being unwilling to yield to his wishes, had confined his daughter in a Convent. Ulric, being anxious for his uncle's death, which was not likely to happen soon enough, was determined to lend him a helping hand. He engaged *Father Cyprian* to assist in doing the business. In the prosecution of their scheme, they encounter Adelmorn, whom they are determined to dispatch also. He resists, them, and wounds Cyprian in the arm. Adelmorn mistakes Cyprian for his uncle, whom he thinks he has killed. Meanwhile Ulric stabs Count Roderic to the heart. He then retires with Cyprian, whom he decoys into a dungeon, and there keeps safe, lest he should betray his secret. When the murder is made known, Ulric charges Adelmorn with it, who, thinking himself the murderer, though in his own defence, is forced to abscond. He goes to the Convent, bribes

the Abbess, and gains his charming Innogen, who is the companion of his flight. The Abbess afterwards asserts that she died in the Convent. They conceal themselves in a forest, in the neighbourhood of Ulric's castle. During this time, *Sigismond, Duke of Saxony*, is on a visit to the castle. He strays out into the forest, is attacked by a wild beast, and cries out for help. Adelmorn flies to his assistance. and strikes the monster dead. The Duke is grateful, and wishes to know his preserver. This is denied him. He makes himself known to Adelmorn, who is glad of the discovery. The Duke then gives him a ring, in remembrance of him. Adelmorn exacts a promise from him to protect the female who may afterwards present it to him. Ulric, knowing that Adelmorn is in existence, and fearful that the murder will be discovered, has his spies out in search of him. He is traced to his hut, seized, and brought to the castle, together with his servant, who are confined in separate dungeons. The servant's prison is struck with lightning, which makes a cavity in the wall between him and Father Cyprian, who comes into his apartment, confesses his guilt and that of Ulric's. Adelmorn is also seen in his dungeon....an affecting picture of captive innocence. His wife, driven to distraction, gains an interview with him. He is perfectly resigned to his fate. She leaves him to intreat the Duke's mercy in his behalf, who, having taken an oath not to pardon murderers, cannot grant her suit. Adelmorn is then brought in, preceeded by platoons of soldiers and friars....the executioner, with a large axe, "raised high in air," marching in the blood-congealing procession. The Duke then begs his life of Ulric, who is inflexible. Adelmorn embarces his wife, and consigns her to her father's protection. He then bids the guards lead on, again, embraces his wife, takes the ring off his finger and presents it to the Duke, who instantly recognizes it as being once his own. He expostulates with Ulric, and informs him that Adelmorn saved his life. Ulric remains pale and trembling, but still refuses. At this moment Adelmorn's servant, *Lodowick*, enters in great haste, declares his master innocent, and accuses Ulric, who denies the charge, and demands his proof. Lodowick then produces a letter, which Father Cyprian gave him to substantiate his accusation. Cyprian had received this letter from Ulric when he was first confined, stating that his concealment was necessary to secure him (Ulric) from detection, and promising him every comfort but his liberty. Ulric tore this letter from the hands of Lodowick while he held it out to him in trumph. He then seized a crucifix, and made a solemn oath that Ulric was the muderer. The Duke then put the question to Ulric whether he could sware he was not guilty; trembling and pale, he was about to do it, when his father's ghost appeared before him, his blood gushing from a wound, and a flaming dagger in his hand. Chilled with horror, he shrinks from the sight; but presently, gaining resolution, he draws his sword, advances towards it, and menaces it with a blow. The spectre inclines forward, raises its arm, and points a daggar, with flames playing around it, at Ulric. He sinks, lifeless, upon the floor, and the ghost vanishes. The Duke then voluntarily gives the hand of Innogen to Adelmorn, who is declared the legal heir to the house of Bergen.

The language of this piece, like most others of the same writer, is spirited and natural. It abounds with sentiment, and the dialogue is occasionally enlivened by sallies of wit, which follow in close succession to the sentimental and pathetic.

There is, however, a great deficiency in interest. The incidents are not sufficiently numerous; nor are they judiciously arranged. The three first acts moved heavily on, and seemed the precursers of speedy death. The fourth act convinced us the author was Lewis. The vision, which exhibited the images presented to the mind of Adelmorn, in a dream, was the most sublime spectacle our eyes ever beheld.

When he lies down to sleep, part of the wall opens, and discovers (in vision) a blasted heath by moonlight. The figure of an old man, a wound on his bosom, and his garments stained with gore, is seen holding a bloody dagger towards heaven. The moon turns red; a burst of thunder is heard, and Ulric appears held by two Dæmons. The old man plunges the dagger in Ulric's bosom, who sinks into the arms of Dæmons, and is carried off by them. The heath vanishes; a Glory appears, into which the old man is seen ascending upon brilliant clouds. The wall closes. Adelmorn, who, during the vision, expresses the various emotions produced by it upon his mind, starts suddenly from his couch, and exclaims, "Stay, oh! stay!" This vision was interspersed with a chorus of invisible spirits, the solemnity and grandeur of which exceed all description.

The music was originally by KELLY.... additional parts were composed by PELLISIER.

The piece received the applause of those who attended; but we are of opinion its life will be short.

Mr. HODGKINSON, ever grateful for the liberal support he meets with, came forward before the curtain rose, and made a very circumstantial and satisfactory apology for his absence on Monday and Tuesday evenings. He performed the character of *Adelmorn* with ease and gracefulness.

Lodowick was faithfully represented by JEFFERSON. His metamorphos, in the first act, afforded a faithful picture of a Lapland hag.

Hugo, an old domestic, and a very great musician, was successfully personified by Mr. HOGG.

Mrs. HODGKINSON'S *Innogen* was an interesting performance.

.....Interesting news,
Who dance'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.
COWPER.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening by the Rev. Henry Kollock, Mr. WILLIAM MILVEN, to Miss ABIGAIL OGDEN, daughter of Mr. Jacob Ogden of Elizabeth-Town.

At Savannah, Mr. BENJAMIN WARD, to Miss ANN HABERSHAM, daughter of Major John Habersham, deceased.

DIED,

On Wednesday the 24th inst. in this city, Mrs. FRANCES BROADEY, wife of Mr. Alexander Broadey, Bookseller. ☞ For the information of the friends of the deceased, the printers in the southern states are requested to publish the above.

On the night of the 10th inst. in George-Town, Mrs. REBECCA STODDERT, the wife of Major Benjamin Stoddert, late Secretary of the Navy of the U. States of America. Her remains moved from her late dwelling on Saturday 11 o'clock, A. M. to Addison's Chapel, in Prince-George's county, attended by an unusual number of carriages and horsemen.

Parnassian Garland.

JULIA,

OR THE VICTIM OF LOVE;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

She is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!
She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the Tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, so ador'd, so desir'd;
Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the passion her beauty inspir'd.

Yet silent was she on the Swain
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.

Tho' faint was the blush on her cheek,
And deep in her bosom the thorn;
A smile 'midst her sorrows would break,
Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:
"Sweet Zephyr, bring health," she would cry;
But Health never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But Health never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But Health never came to the hill.

On her Dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd, as she patted his head,
"Poor Fidelle! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
"When thy Mistress, who loves thee, is dead.

"*Thou* hast ever been constant and kind;
"*My* fondness ne'er met with a *slight:*
"In *thee* a firm friendship I find;
"How unhappy when out of my sight!

"When with speed I could travel the plain,
"With thy Mistress to sport was thy pride;
"And now I am weak and in pain,
"Thou art heartless and dull by my side,

"When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
"And seek me uneasy, around;
"Beseeching the swains, with a whine,
"To tell where thy Friend may be found.

"Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,
"Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day:
"Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,
"Nay, nor hunger will force thee away!"

Thus she spoke to her Fav'rite, whose eye
Was fix'd upon those of the Maid:
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sigh,
As if conscious of all she had said!

Sweet Nymph! what a sudden decay!
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain;
Now her head would sink feebly away,
Like the lily press'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell;
In silence we watch'd her last breath:
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, tho' the whisper of Death!

No struggle in dying she knew,
Life pass'd with such sweetness away!
So calm from the world she withdrew,
Her last sigh seem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
For needless of *praise* is the tale:
Since the virtue that shone in the Maid,
May be seen in the tears of the Vale.

PINDAR.

THE LOVERS.

Beneath an oak, whose spreading boughs,
Hung o'er the plain and form'd a shade;
Two lovers lay exchanging vows,
Philander, and his lovely maid.

Not am'rous less than Eden's pair,
Soften'd by the sweet embraces each;
Strangers to discontent and care,
But what love makes, their breasts could reach.

"O Sylvia," said the enraptur'd swain,
"When first thy form divine I view'd,
Transport then rush'd thro' every vein,
And instant love my heart subdued.

My bosom felt a flame, the effect
Of outward charms beyond compare;
But 'twas thy mind with graces deck'd,
That fed the flame and fix'd it there.

Bereft of thee, all earth could give,
Would ne'er restore my peace of mind,
Possest of thee, content I'd live,
Live the most happy of mankind;

"Philander dear," the maid return'd,
When big with love her breast had sigh'd;
Long has my heart with passion burn'd,
Tho' long my constant swain I've try'd.

At every rural walk my eye
Still thee prefer'd, no youth could move;
That tender look, the expressive sigh,
'Tis you, my swain, I still approve."

"If so," resum'd the exulting youth,
"Why put we off the nuptial day?
'Till fleeting years and posting age,
Our relish for such bliss destroy.

Haste, then, and let connubial bands,
Bind dearest Sylvia to my heart;
Haste—let us join our hearts and hands,
Which naught but death itself can part.

The blushing nymph consents to go
With her Philander to be blest;
The joys the two admirers know
Are felt—but ne'er can be exprest.

STANZAS,

TO MARIA LAMENTING.

When night's sable curtain envelopes the skies,
And the sun's cheering beams are withdrawn,
How dreary all nature! the traveller cries,
As in darkness he wanders forlorn.

But when all-refulgent, Aurora appears,
And Sol his bright radiance displays,
His heart glows with rapture, dispers'd are his fears,
And with transports the *change* he surveys!

Life's journey to this we may justly compare,
Joy and sorrow by turns intervene,
Whilst *hope* is the cordial that sweetens our care,
And the sunshine that brightens each scene.

Then if *fortune*, capricious, her smiles *now* refuse,
Yet cease, dear Maria, to mourn!
The day is approaching, perchance, when my muse
With gladness shall hail their return.

Let Hope, soothing goddess, be ever in view;
Oh, banish the spectre Despair!
And forget not—*the hearts that are constant and true,*
Are heaven's peculiar care.

A LITTLE POEM.

I am a very little man,
And have a little wife,
A little boy, and little girl,
The blessing of my life.

In a very little cot we live,
With very little state;
But little tho' my houshold be,
My happiness is great.

I'm little older than my wife,
Who's little more than twenty;
And tho' but little wealth we have,
Content makes little plenty.

Unto the bounteous Lord of all
Our daily thanks express;
How peacefully we pass our lives,
In happy littleness.

Let others envy scepter'd kings;
I covet not their lot:
More real pleasure I enjoy
In my own little cot,

I. Z. I.

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